

would not yet acknowledge, something that, though not mother love, was very close kin to it.

Miss Fidella's arms were old and unaccustomed to heavy burdens; she staggered under his weight as she rose and laid him upon the bed. All the time she kept repeating to herself his words, "Pitty yady, pitty yady," and hugging the compliment to her heart.

After she had carefully covered him she turned to her mirror, and gave one glance into it, then a cry of horror. The parting of the beautiful blonde curls was directly over one ear, the pink cheeks streaked and blotched, the white surroundings mottled by the yellow beneath, and wrinkles, wrinkles everywhere.

She looked furtively at the sleeping child, then put the parting in its proper place, and restored her complexion to its usual pink and white tints. After it was done she smiled at her reflection. "Children and fools," she again quoted complacently.

She heard steps upon the gravel walk, and looked out. Big Mike Finerty, the drayman, was coming with his teamster's whip in his hand.

She went to the door and met him.

"Is that b'y of mine here, that Bobs?" he asked angrily, cutting the gravel with the whip-lash; "the girls said he rin up here; an', knowin' ye c'udn't abide children, they darsen't come afther 'im."

"Yes, he is here," she answered faintly.

"I'm that sorry he's troubled ye, mem. His mither's dead, mebbe ye knew, an' he's gone wild loike; but nixt wake I do be marryin' Norah Cassidy; she's got the foine strong arms an' the heavy han' she'll kape 'im in bounds. Bring 'im out now, an' I'll tache 'im."

"Do you mean to say that you are going to whip him?" asked Miss Fidella slowly.

"Sure, mem, I'll whup 'im so he'll niver bother ye ag'in."

"Then you cannot have him. Do you suppose that I am going to give up a little, helpless child to be beaten by your cruel hands?" Miss Fidella's anger rose higher and higher, and her voice rose, too, as she added, "If you dare touch that child I'll—I'll have you arrested for cruelty."

"Faith, ye may kape 'im, thin."

"I will keep him, then."

He looked at her in amazement. "An' they always was saying that a child forninst yez eyes was loike a rid flag to a bull. I've sivin more, little an' big; ye may have 'em all, if ye loike."

"I do not like, but you will never whip this one again."

She went into the house and dropped weakly into a chair, while big Mike stalked contentedly away.

"What have I done? What shall I ever do with him?" Miss Fidella gasped.

The kitten crept out, rubbed against her dress, and jumped into her lap.

"Mercy!" she exclaimed, but did not touch the kitten; and it settled itself to sleep.

"What will Joanna say?" Miss Fidella wondered; and she never suspected that Joanna had been listening and peeping in, at the cracks of different doors, for the past two hours.

"I always knew that a child would get her sometime," Joanna chuckled, "but a cat, too!"

Then she went into the room where her mistress sat, and gave a start of affected surprise when she saw the kitten.

"For the land's sake! Miss Fidella, what's that?"

"It's a dreadful dirty kitten, Joanna. Do—do—you suppose—could it be washed?"

Joanna looked into Miss Fidella's face; through all the fatigue, misery, and perplexity she saw a new expression one that never comes to a woman's face until a child has touched her heart.

"Why, of course it can be washed; give it to me."

Joanna grabbed the kitten, and Miss Fidella cried in alarm, "Son't! don't hurt it, Joanna; its—it's Bobby's cat,"—Idella Parkhurst Cross, in Christian Endeavor World.

Growing Old.

A little more gray in the lessening hair,
Each day as the years go by;
A little more stooping in the form;
A little more dim in the eye,
A little more faltering of the step
As we tread life's pathway o'er,
And a little nearer every day
To the ones who have gone before.

A little more halting of the gait,
And a dullness of the ear;
A growing weariness of the frame
With each swift passing year,
A fading of hopes, and ambitions, too;
A faltering in life's quest,
And a little nearer every day
To a sweet and peaceful rest.

A little more loneliness in life
As the dear ones pass away;
A bigger claim on the heavenly land
With every passing day,
A little further from toil and care,
A little less way to roam;
A drawing near to a peaceful voyage
And a happy welcome home.

The Young People

EDITOR

W. L. ARCHIBALD.

All communications for this department should be sent to Rev. W. L. Archibald, Lawrencetown, N. S., and must be in his hands at least one week before the date of publication.

Daily Bible Readings.

Monday.—Lotsaved through Abraham's prayer. Genesis 18:16-33.

Tuesday.—Idolatrous Israel saved through Moses' prayer. Exodus 32:1-14.

Wednesday.—Israel delivered from the Philistines through Sampson's prayer. I Samuel 7:5-14.

Thursday.—Elijah's prayer brings a dead boy back to life. I Kings 17:17-24.

Friday.—Jesus clothed with power through prayer. Luke 3:21, 22; 9:28-36; Mark 9:28, 29; Luke 22:39-46.

Saturday.—Prayer preceded the pentecostal blessing. Acts 1:12-14; 2:1-4, 37-42.

Sunday.—Paula man of prayer. Acts 9:10-12; Ephesians 3:14-21; Philipplans 1:3-11.

Prayer Meeting Topic—May 17.

Power and Prayer. Acts 1:13-14; 2:1-4 and 41.

Prayer has for its object the laying hold of power and wisdom higher than our own, and thereby making a fraction of that power and wisdom our own. If we are weak we seek strength; if we are perplexed we seek light; if we are in trouble we seek relief. We will receive that which we seek just in proportion to our ability to levy onto that power from which we derive our aid. "According to our faith" is the measure of our blessing. The strength of an electric machine will depend upon the power it may abstract from the generating dynamo. The warmth of the world will be measured by what it is able to draw from the sun. We have no power in ourself, and can hope for strength only as we may be able to lay hold on God. Psalm 121:1-2.

1. The Condition of Power. "All continued with one accord in prayer." God is moved by unanimity on the part of the children. He desires them to be of one mind of one accord. Marvellous beyond our dreams would be the result if all the church were praying for one and the same thing at the same time. Even God is moved by the force of numbers, and unity is ever the secret of power. "One swallow cannot make a summer," but many birds in song can make music in any heart. The heavenly parent is touched with the united pleading of his children. Matt. 18:19.

2. The source of power in prayer. "They were all filled with the Holy Spirit." Prayer has no power in itself any more than the weeping of an infant has power. The power is found in the response of the parents who, in answer to our cry, sends the Holy Spirit to be our "Comforter" and to "lead us into all truth." Prayer without the presence of the spirit would be like a fountain without water, like a landscape without sunlight; like flowers without life—poor, artificial things, devoid of fragrance; empty forms, lifeless, pulseless repetitions that neither aid men nor please God. John 14:16-18.

3. The result of power in prayer. "And they began to speak with other tongues." Here is the one and only "golden road to learning." It is wonderful how ability may come to the consecrated child of Jesus, and seemingly come by inspiration. An illiterate disciple may become an eloquent pleader, and often does. The untrained Spurgeon becomes the pulpit master; the boy-clerk Moody the inspired pleader, the simple Welshman the silver-tongued Evans. In the common ranks some trembling saint becomes a Paul or a Priscilla. Study will give us implements of usefulness, but these avail nothing without the spirit's presence. John 14:26.

4. The fruits of power in prayer. "There were added three thousand souls." That must have been a wonder-prayer meeting, and its results shows our spiritual poverty. Though we still pray for souls, surprise would fill our hearts if numbers like this were saved. We still pray amiss. Our dependence is in professional evangelism, in sensation, in crowds, in methods, but heavens higher aid is doubtfully sought. We are like farmers seeking to cultivate the harvest like fruitgrowers, pruning trees into bearing. These things are necessary, but avail nothing without the summer sun. Salvation comes from the skies, brother, let us look up. Ps. 127:1.

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"Prayer."

It is no promise of God or law of the kingdom that prayer will always lead to the conversion of three thousand people in one day. It may do so. It did so on the day of Pentecost. It will do so when it is the will of God that it should. But it did not always do so for the apostles. There were as many people in Jerusalem on the day following Pentecost as on Pentecost, and the disciples were praying, too, but there is no record of three thousand conversions. And a few weeks later,

though the disciples were still praying, instead of conversions there were martyrdoms. We must not assume that "power" always means power to produce conversions.

The power which God offers is power to do his will. Sometimes that will is the conversion of multitudes. Sometimes it allows the death of the disciples. Prayer produces power to win the converts or to meet the martyrdoms. We are entitled to ask for and expect any power that we need, but not any power we take a caprice for. Some people say that prayer and the Holy Spirit will always produce Pentecostal revivals. There is no evidence to support this in the Bible or in experience.

It is not God's will for each of us to preach like Peter or Paul. It is God's will that some of us should bake bread, and some make shoes, and some plow the soil. And prayer will enable us to do our duty in these regards better than we could otherwise do it. And what also is our duty,—namely, constant personal testimony to the Saviour, and personal effort to win men to him,—we may get power for from prayer.

There is no such power to be got elsewhere as is to be obtained through prayer.

"Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees."

"Chinese" Gordon knew the secret of getting power through prayer. On the door of his tent in the Soudan, it is said, he used to pin a white handkerchief when he wanted to be undisturbed for prayer. And out of these times of communion he would come girt with new strength. Prayer does give strength and power.

But there is more power in prayer than this. It accomplishes things outside of ourselves. There is nothing unreasonable in this view. Our notions of the universe as ruled by fixed laws does not obliterate the ground of prayer. As Mr. Huxley wrote in a letter to a friend: "Not that I mean for a moment to say that prayer is illogical. For if the universe is ruled by fixed laws, it would be just as illogical for me to ask you to answer this letter as to ask the Almighty to alter the weather."

The men who are strong to resist and to achieve, who do the will of God without wavering and win souls, are the men of prayer. God has ordained that it should be so, and, instead of violating his laws when we pray, we offend against them when we fail to pray. Jesus is speaking boldly, but without exaggeration, when he declares prayer to be the greatest force in the world. "If ye shall say unto this mountain, Be thou removed, and be thou cast into the sea; it shall be done."

Do we try to do our work in our own strength, or do we pray?

Do we pray only once a day, or are we instant in prayer?

Are our prayers real? Would we pray just as we do if God were visible and near enough to be touched? Why not?

Finding Our Strength.

BY WILL S. ABERNETHY.

Secretary of the Treasury Leslie M. Shaw told this story the other day. He said that Axtell, the famous race horse, had three things in his favor. To begin with he came from a long line of blooded stock, and that was distinctly to his advantage. Moreover his owner had naturally expected great things of him. The time came when he was to be broken for his racing career and a careful trainer was engaged for the work. But, to the astonishment of both owner and trainer, Axtell appeared either lazy or incapable of speed. The trainer was discharged after a few weeks and another engaged; but the result was the same. A third was secured but Axtell could not be induced to trot. At last the owner himself decided to see what he could do. After weeks of coaxing and petting and very careful to see that he had the best of care. His limbs were rubbed daily in order that every muscle might be thoroughly developed. The third thing in his favor was that he was never allowed to run with horses of ordinary breed. Only high-spirited thoroughbreds were ever turned in to pasture with Axtell. His owner ting in sheer desperation he applied the whip. Again and again he brought it down on the back of the luckless animal. Then something happened. Thoroughly aroused, the horse suddenly awoke to the fact that he could trot. Round the track he flew going faster at every step. He had at last found out what he could do.

It occurs to me that many of us are like Axtell. We do not know what we can do. We never have learned to say with Paul, "I can do all things in him that strengtheneth me." It was under the lash that Axtell made his discovery. When all things else fail, our heavenly Father must sometimes permit the lash with us until, thoroughly broken in spirit and submissive to his will, we discover strength that has remained unweakened. Don't say "I can't." Learn to say, "I can do all things in him."—E. E.